

BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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NEWSPAPER LAWS.

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THE MODERN CALENDAR.

When bill-collectors come in fast,
And dun unhappy men,
For debts incurred for twelve months past,
Why then we know it's Jan.

When comic valentines are mailed,
And sent without an ebb,
We wish the unknown sender jailed,
And realize it's Feb.

When thaws begin, and o'er the street
The slush is deep and fast,
Which fills our gaiters and wets our feet,
Why then we know it's Mar.

When we see strange bonnets worn
Of some new ugly shape,
By ladies on a faster morn,
We're very sure it's Ap.

When we see the potted flowers
Upon the front yard gay,
And husbands wait waste hours,
Why then we know it's May.

When love-lies youth doth serenade
His girl with nightly tune,
(Upon a flute so sweetly played,
It dawns on us it's Jun.)

When collars perspiration wilt,
And flees and mosquitoes rule,
And preachers take vacation tilt,
Why then we know it's Jul.

When'er the farmer "kicks" at traps
His big blood-thirsty dog,
And preachers give small boys cramps,
We're positive it's Aug.

When back from sea-shore come the
"Crooks,"
Who skipped white landlubber sleep,
And paid no scores charged in his book,
Why then we know it's Sept.

When hunter's steaming near come game,
And drags his gun half-cocked,
Till it goes off and bursts his frame,
We tumble that it's Oct.

When loafers for the bar-room steer,
To gather round the stove,
And take hot rum instead of beer,
Why then we know it's Nov.

When'er for holiday pot-pies,
The chickens, "turks" and geese
Are killed off by "throwing dies,"
We're certain it's Dec.

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Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"The young folks had best get married, though, if they're going to; both of 'em. I've no fear for Jennie an' Esquign. They'll get on all right, as far as they let folks get on that works for a livin', and if Lucy loves Mr. Anselley I s'pose that's all right too, and she had better write for him to come and get her at once if he don't want her to get tanned up with campin' out in the foot-hills."

Mrs. Parsons thought the whole situation over and over, and again and again.

All night she lay awake thinking of their changed circumstances and of her husband's words, and in the morning she did substantially what he had suggested—she wrote her daughters, telling them the ranch was flooded and destroyed, that the cottage itself would be untenable before many days, and forbidding them to return home until they heard further from their parents.

"Your father and I do not yet know what we shall do," she wrote. "There seems no place for us to go to. Some of the neighbors, whose houses are on higher ground than ours, have offered to let us stay with them until we can find a place to rent, but we can not long be a tax on the hospitality of those who have themselves lost everything except the shelter over their heads, and who must, like us, soon seek other homes."

"We are talking of going down into the great valley and renting a place of some of the big landlords, but it is very hard to think of working all the rest of our lives without hope of ever having a place of our own again, and if we can not find a place anywhere that is for sale, if it is only a few acres with nothing but a shanty on it, we had better rather buy it than to rent, even if we go in debt for it; but we do not know of any such that is safe from the overflow of those terrible mines."

"You must not worry about it too much, dear; and you must not come home until you hear from us again, which will not be long, for we must do something, and that quickly."

"You could not help much if you were here until we know what we are to do, and would probably be more expense here than there, and we will write you again just as soon as we determine where we shall go."

Then she added, in a postscript:

"You know how much your father and I love you and how anxious we are to have you always with us; but this we know can not be, and if the men whom you are to marry urge you to a speedy union you have our consent, and it may be best so."

This letter John Parsons mailed at Phippsburg, a little town on the river ten miles above the landing where they usually did their trading.

When Johnny saw his father preparing to start he began to cry piteously, and begged him not to leave them to be swallowed up by the terrible flood.

The poor child was not only nervous, but actually frightened. He had sat propped up in his little wheeled cot at the low window and watched the slowly rising flood until it had grown to seem a thing of life, a frightful monster, such as he had read about in fairy stories, only a thousand times more horrible, ready to swallow them all alive; and his pale face grew paler still, and his eyes, large with suffering, grew larger yet with fear, and he would

not consent that either parent should remain long out of the room, and at night went to sleep holding to his father's hand only to awaken when all was still with screams of fright at the things which he saw in his dreams.

Then John Parsons would arise and sit by his side and talk to him, and tell him stories, and soothe him until his sobs ceased and gradually he dropped off to sleep again, only to see once more the horrid shapes that peopled his sleeping fancy, and awake in an agony of fear and trembling.

And now he begged and cried until his parents feared he would go into convulsions at his father's leaving, but there seemed no other way, for they knew that the neighbors were either busy trying to save something from the general wreck, or absent looking for some place to move to. People who are so foolish as to build their houses where wealthy corporations may wish to empty the garbage from their back yards can not humor the fancies of their crippled children. They are like the birds that build their nests upon the ground where the farmer desires to sow his grain—whose nests are turned under by the plowshare with never a thought of the loss to the little bunch of brown feathers that cries so piteously and flutters about the spot where its little ones lie buried beneath the sod.

It was early in the morning when John Parsons started with the letter. He knew that he would be forced to follow a somewhat devious route in order to avoid the overflowed district, but he was on horseback and expected to make the center of ten miles and back by noon at farthest, and so told his wife and Johnny.

But noon came and no father. Then one o'clock, and still he had not come. Mrs. Parsons kept the dinner warm and waited. She had spent the morning in packing, as best she could, their household goods in shape for moving, at the same time amusing Johnny with talks of the new place to which they would go.

She did not know where it would be, yet tried, for the lad's sake, to picture it as pleasant as possible, and so half made herself believe that they might not fail in getting another home and being happy once more, and now while she waited she continued the preparations for moving; but as the hours passed and her husband was still absent, she became uneasy and fancied all kinds of evils that might have befallen him.

Had he attempted to cross some place in the road that was covered by the overflow, and mired down been unable to extricate himself?

The thought was horrible, and her brain reeled beneath it.

Then she told herself that it could not be, that instead he had been forced to go further around than he had anticipated, and so more time was consumed.

Then again, she feared that his horse had taken fright and thrown him, and she pictured him lying by the roadside dead, or with broken limbs, calling in vain for help, or carried to a friendly shanty as he had carried Johnny when the accident which made him a cripple occurred.

"They say it never rains but it pours," she said to herself. "Can it be possible that to all our other troubles is to be added an injury to John?"

She could not bear to think of it, and put the thought from her, and tried to keep from dwelling on it by talking to Johnny as he lay in his cot watching her pack the boxes and trunks with clothing and the various knick-knacks about the house.

Then a more hopeful thought came. "May be father had heard of a place that he can get and has gone to look at it," she said to Johnny, and the thought gave her fresh courage. But as the day passed and night settled down upon the scene and still he did not come, hope turned to fear, and she grew sick at heart.

She attended to the out-door chores when she saw it getting late; fed the pigs and the chickens and milked the cows, and then went in the gathering darkness and noted the rise in the slow creeping flood, and estimated that in two days more it would enter the cottage.

Then she returned to the house, lighted a lamp and sat down by the cot of her crippled child, too utterly exhausted and broken in spirit to talk.

The boy seemed to understand, for he said nothing; did not cry nor moan, but lay with his large eyes fixed upon his mother's face with a look of wondering, helpless resignation, as if he saw the approach of the horrid monster of his dreams, but felt that now no cries for help could avail anything, until, unable longer to control herself, Martha Parsons sank upon her knees and buried her face in her handkerchief and sobbed aloud:

"My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

CHAPTER XVIII.

DRIVEN TO THE MOUNTAINS.

For a half hour Martha Parsons remained kneeling by the side of her crippled child.

When she arose she was calm again, but neither the boy nor herself spoke, and finally sleep came and closed the lid's eyelids, and he lay quietly resting while his mother sat by his side as silent and motionless as he.

Her thoughts had gone back to the days of her childhood, and one by one she recalled all the incidents of her past life. She remembered the old church where she had been christened and near where she was born. In imagination she sat again in the straight-backed pew in company with the homely, old-fashioned congregation and listened to the preaching of the venerable, gray-haired minister whose words she had

been taught were those of one commissioned to speak for God and Christ.

Again she heard the sermon in which all men were commanded to accept their lot, whatever it might be, as from the hand of the Most High, who gave to each of His creatures, as to Him seemed best, of the goods of this world; heart-mingled with much of sympathy for the impoverished and the outcast and the sinful, the poor bidden to be content with the condition in life to which it had pleased God in His wisdom to call them; and was dumbly conscious of feeling surprised at herself, and, may be, a trifle frightened at daring to wonder for the first time in her life if God ever authorized anybody to say such things in His name; if, indeed, it was not blasphemy to tell the poor, who were made poor by being robbed, and the rich, who were made rich by the robbery, that such was God's will, and bidding them to be content in the condition in which they were thus placed.

She recalled the talks which she and John had during the days of their courtship and after their marriage. What plans they had laid; how hopeful they had been of the future; how prosperous they had meant to be; and how much pleasure they had taken in thinking of the good they would do, and of the quiet old age they were to spend together after the hurry of life was over and their children settled comfortably near them, receiving and entitled to the respect and esteem of their neighbors.

They had worked hard; they had been honest; they had reared their children to be worthy members of society; they had done all they knew how to do to make the world better for their having lived in it; and now, their home lost, their children scattered, she sat by the bedside of her crippled child at midnight, waiting for the return of her husband, with a great fear at her heart that he, too, had been swallowed up by the terrible flood.

The moon which involuntarily escaped her lips as her mind returned to the present awoke Johnny; but seeing his mother sitting by his side he did not cry or speak, but lay quietly gazing into her face for a time and then his quick hearing caught a sound which had escaped the duller ear of his mother, and a look, half of inquiry, half of fear, passed over his face, but still he did not speak.

Again the sound, and now his mother hears it, too—the neighing of a horse upon the winding bluff road back of the house; then an answering neigh from the hill pasture, and both know that the husband and father has returned.

Hurrying to the door, Mrs. Parsons heard the pasture bars let down; heard the short whinny of recognition and welcome which the horses exchanged as the home-comer entered the field, then heard the barn door open as the rider went to hang up his saddle; then the footsteps turned towards the house, and a moment later John Parsons, weary and covered with mud, but sound of limb, entered and bending down kissed wife and child.

"I s'pose you an' Johnny hev been worried most to death about me, Marty," he said, "but I couldn't very well help it; leastwise I thought it best to do as I done."

"Yes, dear, we have been fearful that something had happened to you. Did you meet with an accident, or what was the matter? I know you must be tired and hungry, whatever it was, and I'll have a cup of tea for you just as soon as the kettle boils again. It won't take but a moment; it was boiling only a little bit ago."

"Wall, you see when I got to town I concluded to ask around an' see if I could hear of a place for rent or to sell on time, an' after inquirin' a spell I heard of a claim, mostly w'less, but with enough good land to make a livin' on, that was for sale or trade, fifteen miles further back in the mountains; an' as, if I come home first I'd hev to go right back agin to-morrow, if I took a look at the place at all, I concluded to go right on an' see it, hopin' to get home, though, afore it was so late. But when I got back to town it was almost dark already, an' neither me nor the horse had a bite since mornin', an' I was jest obliged to stop an' let the animal rest a couple of hours. That gave me a dark ride home, an' the roads is purty bad over the hills since the rains come. What time o' night is it? Nigh on to midnight, I reckon."

"The clock struck twelve some time since," replied Mrs. Parsons. "But what about the place? Is there any house on it, or an orchard, or anything? And what does the man ask for it?"

"There's a bit of shanty on it," returned her husband, "an' a few scatterin' grape vines, an' a dozen or two peach and pear trees. The place is well up on the mountain an' is off of the main road, an' sort o' lonesome like; leastwise, I'm afeared 'twould seem so to you an' the lad. But there's a chance to make a livin' there even if it ain't a very good one, an' I s'pect may be grapes will do pretty well on part o' the claim. It's mighty rough an' broken, though, an' won't be so pleasant cultivatin' as this place used to be."

"There ain't no bottom land onto it, nex within ten miles of it fer that matter. An' there ain't many neighbors, an' such as there is is poor folks, that couldn't get claims nowher's else. I talked with one of 'em, an' he said he was satisfied they could raise as good fruit of most kinds as grew anywhere in the State; an' anyway there ain't any danger of their floodin' it from any mides; it's too far up on the mountains fer that, an' may be the best thing we kin do is to take it, 'specially as the owner, who lives in town, is willin' to take a pair of horses an' purty near anything else we have to turn out to him, I guess."

"Then we had better take it," replied his wife. "I had rather have a place of our own, however poor, than to be dependent upon somebody else and obliged to move every year perhaps, and never feel that anything is our own, as we would do on a rented place. But are you sure about the title, John? Don't for pity's sake let us buy a ranch to which there is not a good title."

"That's just what I told Mr. Blake, the man that owns it. I told him that if there was anything at all wrong with the title I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole, but he says it's all right, an' he is to get an abstract of it from the recorder's office. The place has never had but two or three owners, an' it's clear outside of the land grant, so if there's no mortgages onto it I don't see how there can be any danger, an' of course the abstract will show."

"I almost wish you had told him we would take it. I'm afraid somebody else will step in and get it first, there are so many looking for places now. When did you tell him you would give him an answer?"

"He is to come over to-morrow and look at the things we have to trade. If we kin agree, then he is to get the abstract, an' if that is all right, it's a trade. I wish you could see the place, mother, before we decide about it, but I don't see how you kin, unless we take Johnny over to Ritchie's and leave him while you go an' take a look at it."

"What do you say, Johnny? Will you stay at Mr. Ritchie's while mother goes with me to see the new place?"

"Won't the water and mud rise clear over us and bury us?" asked the boy, in his weak little voice.

"Oh, no," replied his father. "Mr. Ritchie's house is higher up than ours, you know. There is not a bit of danger."

"Then I'll stay."

But Mrs. Parsons did not wish to go to see the place.

"It would be a hard day's ride," she said, "fifty miles there and back, and we would have to go on horseback, I suppose, for it must be awful slow getting along with a wagon, now; and besides it would make no difference any way. If you think we can make a living on it we had better take it, for we can't stay here many days longer. We have no other place to go to, and it will not be easy to find places that we can trade for."

And so they talked on while the tea was made and drank. Then they lay down, but it was almost day before sleep came to either of them.

About noon the next day Mr. Blake came as he had promised.

He was a man of medium size and pretty well built. He had a red face and a large mouth, and appeared about fifty years of age.

Certainly not a handsome man, he was yet not noticeably homely. In fact, there was nothing especially noticeable about him in any way. To all appearances he was an ordinary kind of man, who had doubtless kind of some, been a farmer back in the States, perhaps, and at some period in his life had probably kept a hotel in a country town, or engaged in some other occupation which had given him a little more the air of a man of business, and a little less that of a day laborer.

At dinner, of which he was invited to partake, he asked a blessing. As they ate he commended the cooking; spoke of the great loss which his host had sustained from the destruction of his ranch by the overflow, and condemned in strong terms the outrage upon the rights of so good citizens as those at whose table he sat.

Then he passed on to a description of his own ranch, which he wished to sell.

It was well up in the hills, he said, but it was a fine place for fruit, and was out of danger from the overflow, and all it needed to make it a valuable property was the cultivation and care which Mr. Parsons knew so well how to give it.

He offered it for sale cheap because he was going back East, and wanted to clear everything up before he went, and get what he had together.

He would prefer to sell for cash, but if they could not do that, he would take a pair of horses and any other stock they might have to turn out. And if he could not dispose of them readily in the neighborhood, would drive them to Sacramento, on his way to New York, and sell them there.

After dinner he went out, in company with Mr. Parsons, and looked at the different animals and the things which the now nearly impoverished family had to offer. He readily agreed to take one pair of horses and a wagon and the top carriage, also three cows. But this still left a difference which he proposed should be made up by a note to be signed by Mr. Parsons and a couple of his neighbors.

To this Mr. Parsons would not consent. He doubted if any one would sign a note with him now, and he could not bear to think of asking and being refused, and preferred giving a mortgage on the place which he was to get of Mr. Blake.

Finally it was agreed to pay him the fifty dollars in bank, and in addition to the other articles named, to turn him out the six head of fat hogs in the pen and certain articles of household furniture, the most valuable in their possession, but for which there would not be room in the shanty to which they were going, and so the bargain was made.

The Parsons were to retain possession of all the property until they had moved on to the new place; then to put the goods and animals at the disposal of Mr. Blake and receive the deed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—Pittsburgh turns out 85,000,000 bottles and vials every year.

THE COMMONWEALTH.

Louisville Leaf Tobacco Market.

The offerings of dark and heavy styles have been relatively light, amounting to about 15 per cent. of the Burley offerings. The market for these styles has been more active, regular and firm, with a somewhat fuller range of prices for regie styles, while other grades have been firm at stationary prices. The regie demand has been better than in the last week or two, mainly for French types. Lugs are steady and unchanged. Advances confirmatory of previous reports of damage have been coming in from many sections of the State, and, notwithstanding comparatively extensive rains during the week, there is no doubt that the crop has been shortened by a considerable percentage. The principal damage has been in the Breckenridge County and upper Green River groups, in the Western and Clarksville districts, and in the Burley districts east of Louisville. The friends of the market in all sections can rely upon it that if they go to Louisville on the 17th instant, they will witness the most interesting demonstration in honor of tobacco that has ever been witnessed in this or any other city. There will be a welcome for all. We quote 1884 tobaccos as follows for full-weight packages:

| | Dark and Heavy. | Burley. |
|-------------|-----------------|--------------|
| Trash | \$3 150 4 00 | \$3 250 4 50 |
| Common lug | 4 250 4 75 | 4 250 5 00 |
| Medium lug | 5 000 5 25 | 5 000 5 00 |
| Good lug | 5 500 6 00 | 5 500 6 75 |
| Common leaf | 6 750 7 00 | 7000 7 50 |
| Medium leaf | 7 500 8 00 | 8 000 8 25 |
| Good leaf | 9 000 10 50 | 10 000 12 00 |
| Fancy leaf | 13 000 17 00 | 16 000 22 00 |

Miscellaneous Items.

A CYCLOPE struck Washington County the other night. Houses were torn to pieces in the twinkling of an eye. Bodies of timber of from fifteen to twenty-five acres were entirely demolished, not a tree left standing. A large saw-mill belonging to Mr. Ben Pile, which had been filled up for a tobacco barn, was blown to atoms. Some of the boards have been picked up a distance of over two miles. The damage to crops and other property is beyond reckoning.

Fifty years ago Ellen Johnson, a colored woman, separated from her mother, who was sold and sent to New Orleans. The mother arrived in Louisville the other morning hale and hearty. She is 112 years old and the daughter sixty years old. Living in the house with Mrs. Ellen Johnson are her great-grand-children. This makes them the great-grand-mother, the great-grand-mother, the great-grand-mother, mother and children all assembled in the same room.

The wife of Henry King, residing near Foster's Landing, Bracken County, gave birth to triplets recently. All are boys and the mother and babes are doing well.

THE other morning burglars effected an entrance into the post-office at Lawrenceburg by boring around the lock on the door and breaking the lock off. They then drilled a hole in the safe and filled it with powder. The explosion awoke Postmaster Williams, who slept upstairs, and he hastily appeared on the scene in time to catch sight of the burglars, but too late to prevent their escape. On examination the Postmaster found the explosion had failed to open the safe, which contained upwards of \$700. A sledge, chisel and brace drill were left behind by the visitants. The mail was not molested.

A POSTOFFICE has been established at Dodge, Clark County.

NUMEROUS cases of typhoid fever are reported in and around Ashland.

THE mule-colt business is brisk in Clark County, prices ranging from \$45 to \$75 per head.

PROFESSIONAL gopher of twenty-two was caught entering a big dry goods store at Somerset the other morning. Short, solid and good-looking, but won't tell his name.

JACOB HABLE, well fixed farmer near Miffler, has been adjudged a dangerous lunatic.

AT South Elkhorn, the other day, Van Barkley was crushed under a corn crib he was tearing down.

GEO. RUFF, first gambler tried under Reed's reform regime, Louisville, got \$500 and six months.

THE case of Francis Rankin, of Louisville, convicted of the murder of Martin Cody and sentenced for life to the penitentiary last spring by the Shelby Circuit Court, to which the case was taken on change of venue from Louisville, was reopened the other day in the Court of Appeals on a motion for a new trial. Attorney General Hardin argued for the Commonwealth, and Gen. Alpheus Baker for Rankin. The motion was submitted. This is the second appearance of this case before the Court of Appeals, the first resulting in a reversal of the judgment of the Louisville Circuit Court, which sentenced the prisoner to the penitentiary for life.

JOHN S. SIMPSON, of North Middletown, Bourbon County, arrived in Covington the other evening and registered at the Arlington House for the night. He said he had just reached the city, that he was very fatigued, and desired to go to rest at once. Without taking supper, he was shown up and retired.

Next morning, the bell-boy, after rapping several times on the door and getting no reply, climbed up on the transom and found Simpson stretched out on the bed motionless and apparently without life. Mr. Dobyns, the proprietor, and Dr. Mitchell then entered the room. Simpson was dead, and had apparently been so for some hours. Everything about the room was in proper shape, the gas turned off, the window lowered and the transom open. A pill box on the stand near the bed was found to contain morphine pills, and it is thought his death was due to an overdose.

BEN FRANKLIN, escaped convict, tried to rob Geo. Knott's residence, Frankfort, a few days ago, and badly thumped Major Chapman, who stopped his progress. Jailed after a hard fight.

SPAIN.

Days of the Spanish Premier's Regime Drawing to a Close.

The Country on the Verge of Revolution—Don Carlos Intriguing.

LONDON, September 13.—However the Carolines dispute is settled, the Ministry of Premier Canovas Del Castillo is doomed. He has instituted prosecutions against thirty-nine newspapers within five days. He has suppressed every telegram to provincial newspapers and doctored all dispatches sent abroad. Although all Europe rings with the news, it is not yet known in Madrid that Spain has already humbly apologized to Germany for the attack made last week upon the German Embassy in Madrid. Senor Canovas has also mortally offended the Spanish navy by hinting that the Carolines were lost through cowardice, while it has been proved that the naval officers only obeyed orders, while a severe doubtless disaster, but were still imperative. An audience was granted to General Salamanca last Thursday. The King declared that a war with Germany would be the height of rashness. If driven to bay Spain would only rupture diplomatic relations and would then await events. General Salamanca replied that war was inevitable, sooner or later; that Bismarck would never forgive the insults and opposition he had received from Spain, and that war was preferable to a mere diplomatic rupture. The General's enforced his views by reminding His Majesty that revolution was among the possibilities, and that there might be a sudden cooling of the hot wave of patriotism now sweeping the country. The dispatch containing the above statement was suppressed at Madrid last Thursday, and has only just reached London via Havre. Other dispatches received by the same round-about course say that, whatever may be the opinion of King Alfonso, war is certain if Germany provokes the Spanish people further, and that even a majority of the present Ministry would concur in a declaration of war. There is a dangerous growth of leanings toward France, and this fact, as well as the revived activity of the Spanish Republicans, has greatly impressed the King. Military and naval preparations for defense are being made with a vigor unknown for many years. The rumor is revived that four ironclads, including the Chilean champion—the Emerald—have been bought by the Spanish Government. Don Carlos has already repented of his offer to fight Germany in the interest of the Spanish Crown. He has now taken up his abode at Venice, where he has inaugurated a fresh batch of intrigues, which are much more to his liking than taking the field in a cause which he has for years been attempting to overthrow. Scores of telegrams reach him daily at Venice, and he has the past week been visited by several of his chief adherents.

Smothered to Death.

CINCINNATI, September 13.—An accident, with loss of life, occurred this afternoon on the Big Four Railroad, near Guilford, Ind. The accident was occasioned by the breaking in two of the freight train No. 18, east-bound, and in charge of Conductor Adam Bause. As it was descending the grade after leaving Guilford the engineer discovered the accident to his train and began to "slow up," but the detached portion of cars continued to follow, increasing by the descent of grade, and, overtaking the portion of the train ahead, dashed madly into its rear, telescoping two cars and derailing three. One of the three cars buried from the track was loaded with oats, into which nine men had concealed themselves for the purpose of stealing a ride. As the car left the rails it turned over, burying beneath the shifting oats a number of the inmates and hursting over the car. Six of the imprisoned tramps managed to quickly emerge from their confinement, and had they made any effort to assist their less fortunate companions, instead of basely deserting them, the poor wretches might have been rescued alive. As it was, before the train men were aware of the fact that any one remained in the upturned car, life was extinct. Conductor Jackson was immediately notified, and last evening took possession of the bodies. Upon the person of one was found a certificate of membership in the "National Benefit Association of Indianapolis." Inst. of John McGary, age twenty-four; Post-office, Blaine, Belmont County, Ohio, and payable to Jane McGary, his wife; occupation that of a freight brakeman; dated May 16, 1885. On the body of the second man papers and articles were found indicating that his name was Willard F. Ewing, Jackson, Ohio; also a photo of a beautiful young lady, inscribed: "Your loving sister Eva, Portsmouth, O." In the third corpse nothing was found that would in any way lead to his identity. He was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, light complexioned and smooth-shaven. He had a large wart on the fore-finger of the right hand and one on the root of the thumb.

Cattlemen Moving Out.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., September 13.—The Times' Little Rock (Ark.) special says: Cattleman are rapidly removing their stock from the Crow reservation, in accordance with the order of the Indian Agent Armstrong. Several owners of herds were slow to obey, but Armstrong informed them that he would call on the President troops, and the exodus became general. Several thousand head of cattle have been driven out, and by the 15th, it is believed, the reservation will be cleared.

Fatal Fire Damp Explosion.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., September 13.—Yesterday afternoon while 150 men were at work in the Youghiogheny Valley coal mines of the Ashtabula Coal Company, at Guiffy's Station, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, an explosion of fire damp occurred, fatally injuring William Bradley and seriously burning James Hamilton. A number of others were slightly injured. The damage to the mine was very great. Mine Inspector Jenkins visited the mine last week, and pronounced it free from gas. Bradley died from his injuries this evening, and Hamilton is not expected to recover.

A Reckless Show Driver.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., September 13.—The parade of Adam Forepaugh's terday the driver of one of the recklessly over a little foggy Louisiana Himmam, breaking the child into two, has instituted a suit for \$25,000.